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THE PRODUCTION OF JAPANESE "CULTURE" PEARLS: WOMEN DIVERS ("SEA-GIRLS") SWIMMING
TO THE OYSTER-FISHING GROUND.

A sensation has been caused, both in the jewel trade and the world of fashion, by the claim of Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto to have at last perfected the production of "culture" pearls. Other illustrations and notes on the subject appear on later pages in this issue. Here it is sufficient to quote from Mr. Mikimoto's booklet, "The Story of the Pearl," in explanation of the above photograph: "A large part of the submarine work in the oyster-culture of Japan is done by women divers, or 'sea-girls,' as they are called there. This is common in

Agu Bay, and in many other localities of the country. There has been a belief from time immemorial that women can work better and stay longer under water than men. The women divers of Ise have often been mentioned in classic literature. These sea-girls are dressed in tight, thin, white garments. Their hair is twisted into a hard knob, and diving glasses are worn. They dive without any apparatus, and stay under water from 60 to 80 seconds at each diving." The floating tubs are used to carry the oysters they bring up.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. KOKICHI MIKIMOTO.



IT is characteristic of the modern woman's courage that a woman should have raised the current discussion on the place of women in the new social order. She may take it as another feather in her cap that she has rushed in where the wisest of the Greeks feared to tread. He only consented to enter upon the question when he was driven to it by importunate friends. Socrates (or his exponent Plato) knew perfectly well what lay before him, if he should attempt to determine woman's place in the Republic, and you remember how he tried to get out of it by hastily including it among "things which we will pass by for the present."

Later, when the subject was pressed upon him, Socrates still fenced. He warned his friends that they were rash fellows who ought to have let well alone. They little knew what a swarm of questions they were arousing by this return to the attack. He himself had foreseen all that at the time, and his evasion was intended to save endless trouble. Glaucon interposed with well-meant encouragement, but that did not help Socrates much. He professed, in fact, that it hindered him; for to broach a theory while one is still only a doubting enquirer, is a slippery course beset with fears. Not that he has any childish dread of incurring ridicule, but he trembles lest he should miss his footing upon the truth and, falling, drag his friends down with him, and that upon ground where a false step is particularly serious. Being in, however, he puts the best face upon it, and "the men having quite played out their piece," he proceeds "with the performance of the women." He only prays that Nemesis may not overtake him for what he is going to say.

The passage of two thousand years and more has not greatly changed the situation. The course is still slippery and beset with perils, not only for the doubting, but for the cocksure enquirer, and even to-day footing may be missed very easily upon the truth. The doubting male enquirer of Athens would not have agreed altogether with the modern feminist, who claims that women should be regarded, not as a sex, but as a class. The basic distinction of sex does not hinder Socrates from arriving at conclusions that must be pleasing to the most advanced advocate of the equality of women. That he should have reconciled his enlightened and prophetic view with "the natural relation which ought to govern the mutual fellowship of the sexes," is a point that, carefully considered, should help to purge away that regrettable antagonism which too often obscures the issue in this discussion. Socrates lifts the question to the highest ground. He, with his unfortunate domestic experience, might have been forgiven had he taken an unfavourable view of woman's fitness for public affairs, but throughout his argument he utters no single note of petulance or disparagement. Until this problem is approached in the Socratic spirit it must lose itself in bogs and sands. A common cry, almost a cant, of the present day, where industrial disputes are concerned, is "Get together." It applies with equal, if not greater force, to this controversy of the sexes. From the very outset Socrates gets men

and women together, with harmonious results. It need not concern us here that he permitted community of women and children in his ideal State. The thing to remark in the present connection is his handling of women's fitness for public work.

He held that none of the occupations which go to the ordering of a State belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found here and there in both sexes alike, and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man. He adds, "though in all of them the woman is weaker than the man." This qualification need not damn the philosopher in the opinion of modern women. It was made simply because

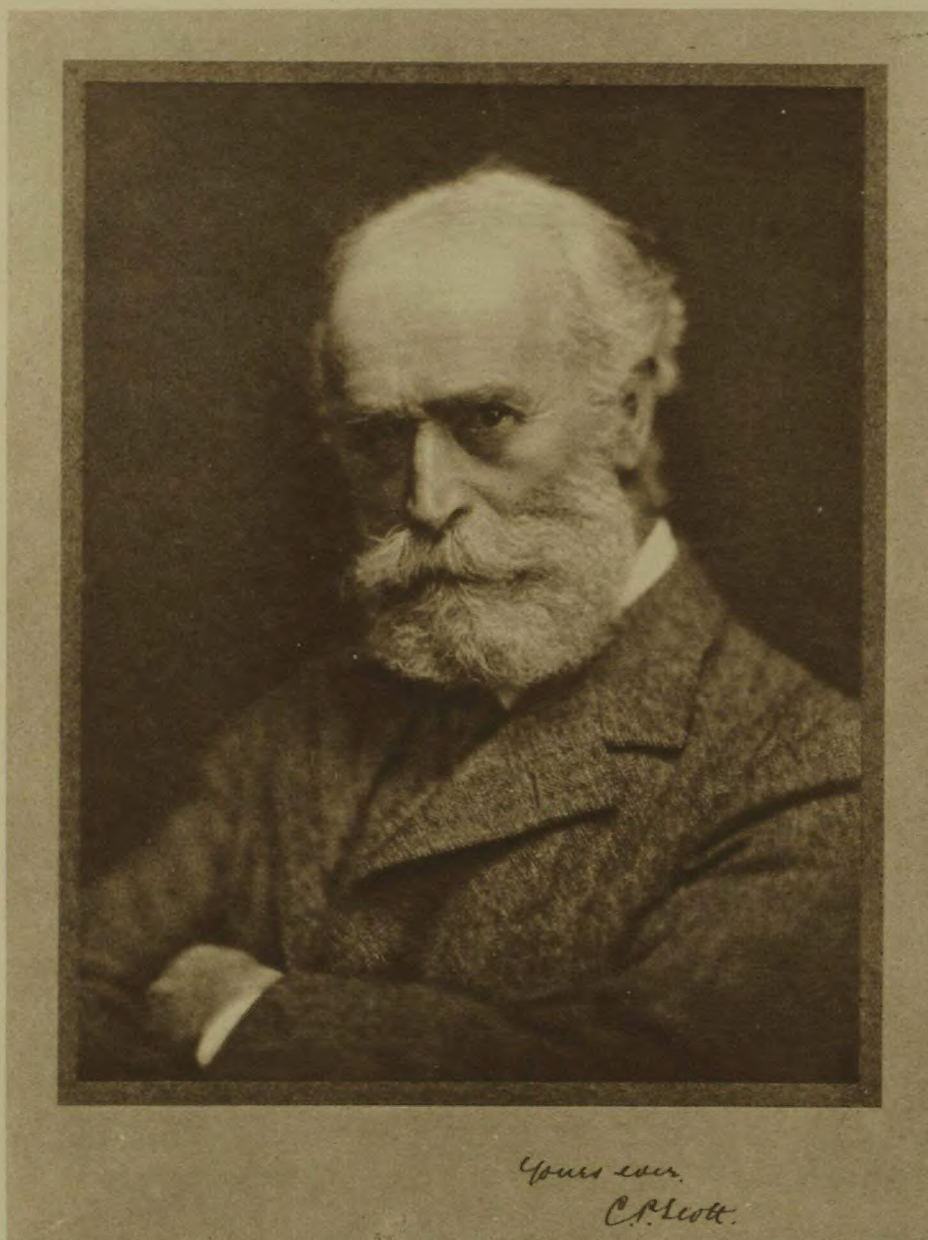
"it does not touch our purpose," he says; but he does not therefore set up any distinction of class for men and women in their relation to the State. His scheme is far broader, as we have seen—"so far as guardianship of the State is concerned, there is no difference between the natures of the man and the woman." Here he foreshadows the only solution, the most perfect, loyal, and liberal alliance between man and woman for the public good. Class breeds dissension: sex is not incompatible with harmony. Nowhere does he betray the faintest concession to antagonistic or separatist feeling. But, for all that, a distinction remains, and it is simply the old one of sex, which enables him to effect the ideal marriage of man and woman in the service of the State, man remaining man and woman woman, the essential condition of union. Nowhere does Socrates intend any obliteration or denial of sex in his guardians. Otherwise he could not have proceeded to formulate his scheme of eugenics. Among his women officials he found his most perfectly equipped mothers.

On the education of women, the Platonic doctrine leaves nothing for the most advanced of modern feminists to desire. In some respects it is ahead of them. The women who showed special aptitudes and abilities were to be trained equally with men in medicine, music, gymnastic, or any study suitable to their talents. They were even to be taught and to practise the military art, a provision that rather outruns the recent contention that women are the non-fighting sex.

If Socrates had his private views, formed on observation of Xanthippe, as to the deadliness of "the female of the species," he kept them to himself. His scheme of women soldiers was merely the logical concomitant of his throwing open all careers to the female half of humanity, and it is not likely to be fiercely demanded even by the most militant of present-day pioneers. They have, in fact, disavowed any such inclination, and the disavowal has drawn fire from controversialists who have not yet quite risen to the lofty impersonality of the Platonic argument, and who saw a chance to recall and rub in certain incidents of what is now ancient history.

Since those things happened, women have made so admirable an appearance in public affairs that the pretty follies of an infant movement are best forgotten. It is time to lift the problem of woman's place in the new social order into the serene and impartial atmosphere of the Republic. That dream, as its author admitted, was not to be realised in an imperfect world, but it was not useless, as it pointed the way to the ideal which would be attained only by the co-operation of both sexes alike. To that dual unity Socrates was jealously loyal. When, later in the argument, he was complimented for finishing his portrait of the leading men in a style of faultless beauty, his correction and reproof sped arrow-like—"Say leading women too, Glaucon, for my remarks apply no less to women than to men." Here again, on the woman question, Plato's by-play is as illuminating as his formal doctrine.

J. D. S.



A GRAND OLD MAN OF JOURNALISM: MR. C. P. SCOTT, WHOSE JUBILEE COINCIDED WITH THE CENTENARY OF HIS PAPER, THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

Mr. C. P. Scott, the governing director and editor of the "Manchester Guardian," celebrated his fiftieth year of journalism on May 5, along with the centenary of the paper. He joined it just after the Franco-German War of 1870, after being a year on the "Scotsman," and became editor in 1872. From 1895 to 1906 he was M.P. for the Leigh Division of Lancashire. Mr. Scott has received a message of congratulation from the King, who spoke of his "courageous and high-minded guidance" of the paper which "has secured for itself a position of such eminence and esteem in the world of journalism."

he was out to discover truth, and he knew that a degree of physical disability was a hard fact: it did not prevent his going what may be considered "the whole hog." He found in the admitted weakness no pretext for the exclusion of women from public affairs. "So far as the guardianship of a State is concerned, there is no difference between the nature of the man and of the woman... then we shall have to select duly qualified women to share in the life and the official labours of the duly qualified men, since we find that they are competent to the work and of kindred nature with the men."

It is true that Socrates deliberately sets aside mere sex difference as affecting political capability;

THE BIRTH OF THE "CULTURE" PEARL: A JAPANESE SEA INDUSTRY.

By COURTESY OF MR. KOKICHI MIKIMOTO: DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S. AND CANADA.)

AN ENTERPRISE WHOSE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS HAVE CAUSED A STIR IN THE PEARL MARKET:
WORK AT A PEARL-CULTURE STATION IN JAPAN; AND ITS PRODUCE.

At the Mikimoto Pearl-Culture Station there are two seasons, one in early summer, when new oysters are cultivated, and the other in winter, when the pearl crops are gathered. The method of cultivating pearls is, briefly, as follows: When the spats, or young oysters, are three years old, they are taken out of the sea and a scientific stimulus is applied to them. They are then planted in the sea-beds and remain there for four years, during which the pearl is formed. If the oysters are attacked (as in 1905) by the Red Current, an accumulation of micro-

scopic organisms, the work must start all over again. Other deadly enemies against which they have to be guarded are the octopus, star-fish, and sea-weed. Among the foreign substances that enter an oyster and cause the growth of natural pearls are sand grains, parasitic worms, crabs, sea-weeds, and small fishes. A "blister" pearl is one that is attached to the inner surface of the shell and is flat on one side when removed. The "culture" pearls illustrated in the left-hand centre diagram above are shown in their actual size.

THE GREAT PEARL CONTROVERSY: JAPANESE "SEA-GIRLS" DIVING FOR OYSTERS AT A PEARL-CULTURE STATION.

By COURTESY OF MR. KOKICHI MIKIMOTO.



WITH THEIR FLOATING TUBS FOR COLLECTING THE OYSTERS: WOMEN DIVERS AT

The controversy that has arisen in the pearl trade is due to the claim recently put forward by Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto that, after many years of experiment, he had at length succeeded in producing "culture" pearls closely resembling the natural article. Opinions differ as to the effect of the claim, and many experts have declared that the value of natural pearls will not be endangered, though of course there has been a good deal of anxiety both among jewellers and the women who possess "pearls of great price." Mr. Mikimoto's enterprise has been established for many years and his methods are well known. The pearls he produces are in no sense "fakes." He cultivates them in his oyster-beds by inserting an irritant—a tiny piece of nacre or mother-of-pearl—into the oyster, and then replacing the oyster in the sea, leaving it there for some four years,

WORK AT THE MIKIMOTO PEARL-CULTURE STATION OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN.

during which a pearl grows round the irritant in the same way that natural pearls are formed. Thus the process is merely an artificial stimulation of nature. Women divers, known as "sea-girls," are employed to retrieve the oysters, as described under another photograph on our front page in this number. Mr. Mikimoto has been experimenting with pearls since 1879, and the Mikimoto Pearl-Culture Station was established in 1890 on the island of Tanaka in Ago Bay, Province of Shima, Japan. It supports a flourishing colony of several hundred inhabitants. The oyster beds now extend for fifty nautical miles in the Bay of Ago alone. There are also branch farms in the Bays of Gokasho and Hasama, in the province of Ise, Omura Bay in Kiushiu, and Ishigaki Island in Okinawa. The total area is over 10,000 acres.

"A COURIER OF FRIENDSHIP": FIRST OF HIS LINE TO LEAVE JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., C.N., L.N.A., CENTRAL PRESS, AND I.B.



THE FIRST HEIR TO THE THRONE OF JAPAN TO VISIT ENGLAND: THE CROWN PRINCE, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON THE JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH.



THE CROWN PRINCE'S ARRIVAL AT THE CENOTAPH: GREETED BY GEN. MACDONAGH, AIR-MARSHAL TRENCHARD (NEXT TO LEFT), AND ADMIRAL OLIVER.



HIS FIRST PUBLIC DUTY IN LONDON: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN MAKING A DEEP OBEISANCE AT THE CENOTAPH, AFTER HIS WREATH OF LAURELS, PALMS, AND CARNATIONS, RED AND WHITE (THE JAPANESE COLOURS), HAD BEEN LAID UPON THE PLINTH.



AFTER LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH: THE CROWN PRINCE INSPECTING THE NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE PROCESSION IN LONDON: THE CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE CROWN PRINCE AND THE KING.



GUEST AND HOST: THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN DRIVING WITH THE KING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Crown Prince Hirohito Shinno of Japan, the first of his line to leave his own country, arrived at Spithead in the Japanese battle-cruiser "Katori," on May 7. He issued a public message in which he spoke of himself as "a courier of friendship and goodwill from the people of Japan to the British people." On May 9 the "Katori" entered Portsmouth Harbour and was berthed alongside the south railway jetty. The Prince of Wales (in the uniform of a Naval Captain) went aboard and conducted the Crown Prince, who was in Japanese military uniform, ashore. They travelled to London in a special train, and at

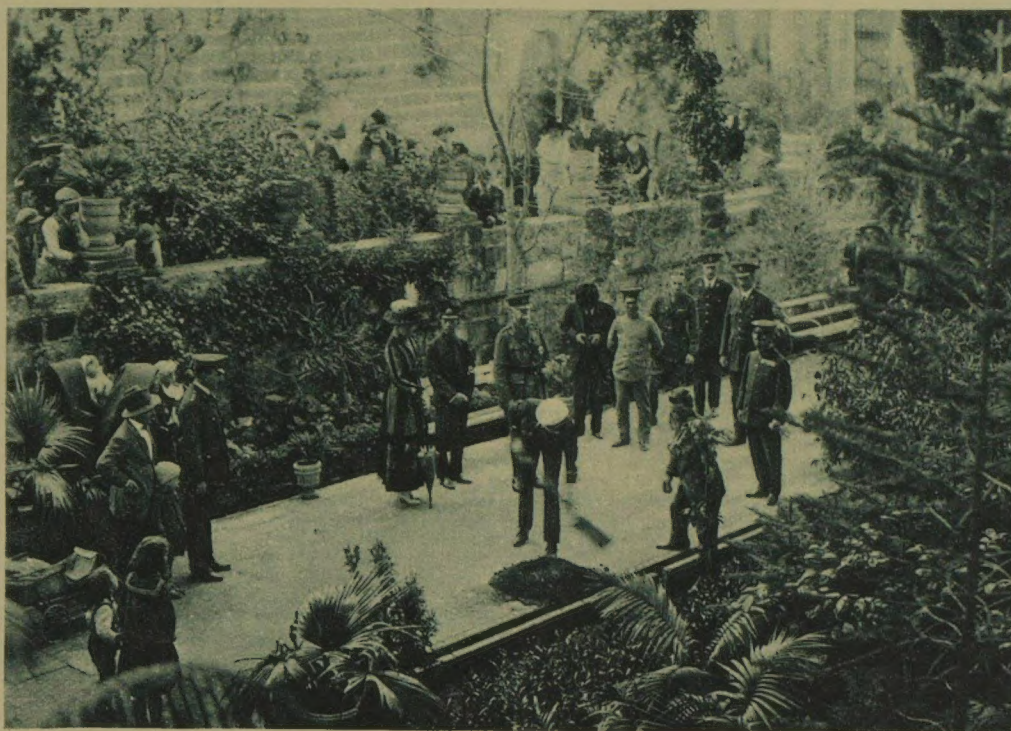
Victoria the Crown Prince was welcomed by the King, accompanied by the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught. The King was in Field-Marshal's uniform. Large crowds, including many Japanese, cheered the Crown Prince with great enthusiasm as the procession drove to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen and Princess Mary received him. In the afternoon, after calling on Queen Alexandra, he visited the Cenotaph and the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. He arranged to visit Windsor on the 10th and the City on the 11th. The King has made him a G.C.B.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: MALTA; SPITHEAD; AND LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., GOUDE (MALTA), L.N.A., AND I.B.



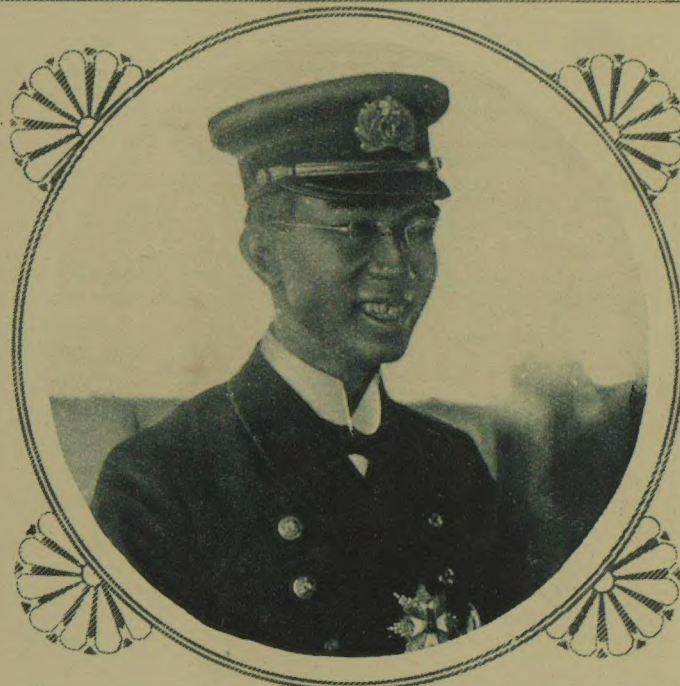
DRESSED WITH FLAGS: THE "KATORI" (WITH THE PRINCE ON BOARD) ARRIVING AT SPITHEAD.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT MALTA: H.I.H. (BETWEEN LORD AND LADY PLUMER) WATCHING PRINCE GEORGE PLANT A TREE IN SAN ANTONIO GARDENS TO COMMEMORATE HIS VISIT.



WITH THE JAPANESE FLAG REPRESENTED IN THE "IRON DUKE": WAR-SHIPS AT MALTA ILLUMINATED IN HONOUR OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.



NOT AN "IMPASSIVE" FACE: THE CROWN PRINCE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE "KATORI" AT SPITHEAD.



HIS FIRST OFFICIAL FUNCTION IN ENGLISH WATERS: THE CROWN PRINCE INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR IN ADMIRAL MADDEN'S FLAG-SHIP.



LENT BY VISCOUNT LASCELLES FOR THE USE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN DURING HIS STAY IN LONDON: CHESTERFIELD HOUSE, MAYFAIR.

The Crown Prince of Japan arrived at Malta, in the Japanese battle-ship "Katori," accompanied by the "Kashima," on April 24. Lord Plumer, the Governor, and Admiral Sir John de Robeck, from the "Iron Duke," went on board to greet him. He then landed, and drove with Lord Plumer to the Palace at Valetta, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd in the decorated streets. In the afternoon the Prince attended a matinee of "Othello" at the Opera House. At night Lord Plumer gave a State dinner at the San Antonio Palace, the guests including Prince George, who is serving in the "Iron Duke." The Crown Prince, who is

of about the same age, was delighted to meet him. Prince George later planted a tree in the Palace gardens to commemorate the Crown Prince's visit. The Japanese crews ashore were hospitably entertained by the British. The next day the Crown Prince visited the graves of Japanese sailors killed in the war, in the Naval Cemetery at Bighi. The Governor gave a garden party, and the Crown Prince a dinner on board the "Katori." All the ships were illuminated. The "Iron Duke" had the Japanese flag represented in lights amidships and an Admiral's flag at the masthead. There was a great searchlight display.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

BY far the most important of recent biographies is "THE LIFE OF WHITELAW REID" (Thorn-ton Butterworth; 2 vols.; 52s. 6d. net), by Royal

Cortissoz, the famous diplomatist's lifelong friend, who, like himself, has been intimate with the makers of American history for several generations. It is a pity that Whitelaw Reid did not live long enough to follow the example of his predecessor in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, and write his own memoirs; for, as his letters show, he had a gift of pithy and picturesque narration which must have made them one of the few famous American autobiographies. As it is, his friend's biography will always be regarded as a document of first-rate importance by American historians who are tracing the emergence of the United States from

authority of party "bosses" would have prevented him from ever receiving the nomination, even if such may have been the end of his ambition. As a diplomatist he served his country admirably. He was popular and effective as Ambassador to France; he was an invaluable member of the Commission which signed the Treaty of Peace with Spain at Paris; and he closed his diplomatic career with seven successful years as the representative in England not only of the U.S. Government, but also of the American people—the latter a function which a succession of American Ambassadors have fulfilled with singular felicity, all of them dispensing that "semi-detached literary criticism" which is one of the chief privileges and responsibilities of a unique position. As diplomatist he belonged to the old school of courteous secretive specialists, with a genius for avoiding friction; and you get his point of view by reading between the lines of the delightful comparison of Wolf-Metternich and Marschall von Bieberstein he sent to Secretary Knox by way of official information—

A greater contrast between the old Ambassador and the new could hardly be imagined. Metternich had the bearing and dignity of an accomplished man of the world and of the old diplomatic school. Marschall, but for a certain dignity of bearing, might be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman, or even butcher. . . . His looks bear out his reputation in the Far East as a man accustomed to push diplomatic points with a strong hand and with the rattle of the Prussian sabre behind him.

This change was one of many omens which pointed to a fateful alteration in German policy, and were all noted and weighed aright by one who regarded the Anglo-French Entente as the crowning achievement of King Edward's peculiar and personal genius and as a strong guarantee of the world's peace. It is surprising how accurately he judged the protagonists of European politics and its underlying motives during the years in which he was engaged in adding to the fund of Anglo-American good feeling—a task which he looked upon as the most vital of his innumerable tasks as a living link between the Old World and the New. He read the character of Wilhelm II. like an open book, and could see there were influences behind him which might in the end compel him not to be content with mere sabre-rattling. Moreover, he had a sure grip of the intricacies of British politics and of the strength and weakness of our leading politicians, and, what is even more remarkable, he saw the great subterranean dangers—the growing restlessness of organised labour and the Government extravagance which, consciously or unconsciously, aimed at corruptly suppressing it—more clearly than any British observer of the signs of the times. He did not

This spring we all resemble Meredith's old farmer whose waggon-load of thoughts (mostly about crops) had a "bit o' cricket" at the bottom, and volumes of cricketing reminiscences should be particularly popular. In "A FEW SHORT RUNS" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net), by Lord Harris, the



DANTE IN LATER LIFE: THE PORTRAIT BY ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO, IN THE EX-CONVENT OF SANT' APOLLONIA, FLORENCE.

a self-centred isolation into a position of ever-increasing consequence in world-politics. Born in 1837, Whitelaw Reid was at the storm-centre of events during the period of incubation of the Civil War, and no other journalist had a clearer understanding of the tendencies that made the final struggle between North and South inevitable. When hostilities began he became a correspondent at the front in the intervals of supporting Lincoln's policy with a pen that was deadlier than the sword of any of the earlier generals on his side, and his descriptions of some of the crucial episodes of the War are rightly accounted as indispensable evidence. He was a great moral asset to the North, for, unlike his journalistic chief, Horace Greeley, he did not quail at the first unlooked-for disasters, and he saw that the North must not only win the War, but also the Peace that followed, sternly exacting the fruits of victory so that the Union might be consolidated and any further attempt to create an *imperium in imperio* rendered for ever impossible. But travel in the South and residence there as a cotton-planter gave him a more sympathetic insight into Southern character and the problems of reconstruction than was possessed by any other Northern publicist, and from the first he understood the criminal folly of the régime of the "Carpet-baggers." As editor of the *Tribune* he was a notable figure in the creative age of American journalism, and before his entrance into diplomacy (as Ambassador to France in 1889) many sound judges saw in him the stuff of which Presidents are wrought. He was of Ulster origin, and Ulster, as every student of American history knows, has given more statesmen to the great Republic than any other section of the mother-islands.

For the Presidency many are called, but few are chosen, and it may well be that Whitelaw Reid's sturdy independence and contempt for the



DANTE IN HIS YOUTH: THE PORTRAIT BY GIOTTO, IN THE BARGELLO, OR PALAZZO DELLA PODESTA, AT FLORENCE.

guiding spirit of M.C.C. affairs, we have a most entertaining account of cricket *in partibus*, interspersed with personality sketches of famous players of the past and amusing anecdotes. One would like to have had a special story of the Test match of 1884, when England, under Lord Harris's leadership, beat the Australians in an innings. It was a famous victory, and I was told the inner history of it a short time ago when watching Mr. Armstrong's men practising at Lord's and admiring the fine, free follow-through which is a characteristic of their batting style.



THE SEXCENTENARY OF DANTE'S DEATH: DOMENICO DI MICHELINO'S PICTURE (1465) OF DANTE, FLORENCE, AND THE THREE REGIONS OF THE "DIVINE COMEDY."

Celebrations of the 600th anniversary of the death of Dante (on September 14, 1321) began in Florence on April 27, continue through May and June, and will be resumed in September in association with those at Rome and Ravenna. In London a Dante exhibition of books, MSS., and so on, has been opened at the British Museum. We are indebted for our photographs to Miss Dorothy Nevil Lees, author of "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany." "The picture of Domenico di Michelino," she writes, "is set in the walls of the Duomo (the cathedral at Florence), close to the spot where the works of the poet used to be publicly expounded." It represents the city as it was in 1465, with the completed cupola, campanile, and Palazzo della Signoria. The Palazzo was begun in 1299, but Dante never saw its splendid tower.—[Photograph by the Ditta Alinari.]

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE GREAT BRITISH EXPLORERS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDOZA GALLERIES.



THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO REACH KUFRA, THE SENUSSI FASTNESS, ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT:

MRS. ROSITA FORBES, RECENTLY RECEIVED BY THE KING.

Woman's place in the new order is by no means restricted to sheltered and stay-at-home occupations: witness the achievements of Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose adventurous journey into the heart of the Sahara has placed her in the front rank of British explorers. She travelled from Benghazi across the Libyan desert to the oasis of Kufra, the headquarters of the Senussi, never before visited by a white woman, and only once by a European (Rohlfs) over forty years ago. The journey was one of great hardship and danger, due chiefly to the fanaticism of the Zawais, a native tribe who hate strangers. More than once Mrs. Forbes was in peril of her life, and escaped in disguise. From Kufra she made her

way to Egypt, having gathered information of great value regarding the political conditions and commercial possibilities of the country. On May 3 she was received at Buckingham Palace by the King and Queen, and told their Majesties the story of her wonderful experiences, showing them also the 150 photographs which she took by stealth in a land where the camera is regarded as anathema. On May 23 she is to speak on Kufra before the Royal Geographical Society. A series of articles by Mrs. Forbes will be published in "The Illustrated London News" almost immediately, and the best of her photographs will be given for the first time in the pages of this journal.

Cromwell Inside Charles I.! A Remarkable Statuette Discovered in Geneva.

WITH JACKET "BUTTONED UP": AN IVORY STATUETTE OF CHARLES I. PRESENTED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY.

We illustrate above a curious ivory statuette of Charles I. which has been presented to the Library of the House of Commons by Major Morrison Bell, M.P. He picked it up in a second-hand shop in Geneva. The peculiarity of it is, as shown in our photographs, that the King's body can be opened like a cupboard, disclosing within a carved representation of Cromwell dissolving Parliament. It is



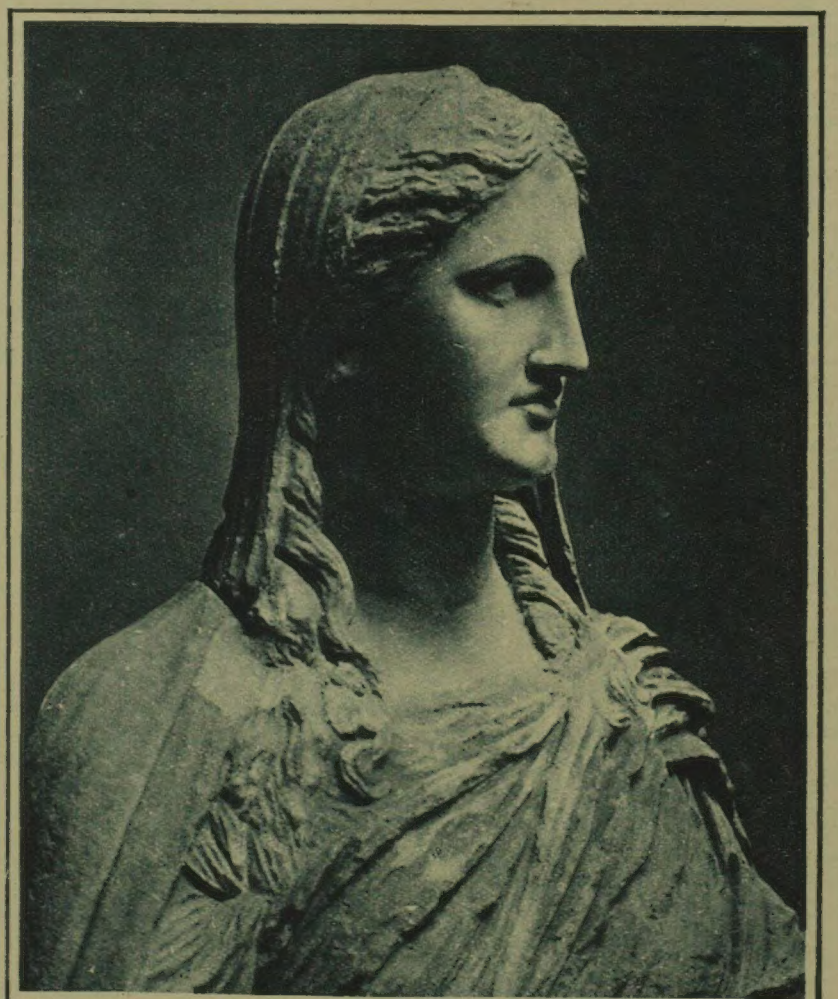
WITH JACKET "UNBUTTONED," SHOWING CROMWELL DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT: THE STATUETTE OF CHARLES I. OPENED.

evidently the moment when he said, "Take away that bauble," for a man is seen about to remove the Mace. In the background, apparently, is the Speaker being hauled out of his chair by a soldier. The inner sides of the King's jacket contain two other panels, forming, with the central one, a triptych. The inscription below is in French: "Dissolution du Parlement (sic) par Oliver Cromwell."

Demeter and her Plaster Nose: The Restoration of Ancient Marbles Controversy.

BEFORE THE RESTORATION: THE HEAD OF THE DEMETER OF CNIDOS, WITH BROKEN NOSE AND LIPS.

Controversy regarding the restoration of mutilated ancient statues was aroused recently by a strongly-worded letter to the "Times" from Mr. Jacob Epstein, the well-known sculptor, denouncing the action of the authorities at the British Museum. In particular he protested against what he called "the incredible crime of 'restoring' the Demeter of Cnidos," alleging also that "the whole face has been scraped and cleaned, thus destroying the mellow golden patine of centuries." This latter charge has been denied, and it is explained that the face



AFTER THE RESTORATION: THE DEMETER OF CNIDOS, WITH A NEW NOSE AND LIPS OF PLASTER.

and the remainder of the figure are of different colours because they are carved in different pieces of marble. As to the "restoration," it merely consists in the addition of a plaster nose which can easily be removed. It would be a different matter to restore with marble, as was formerly done. It has been said that, "the most dignified figure in marble becomes ludicrous when it loses a nose," and for the majority of visitors to the Museum the addition enhances the beauty of the statue. There are many examples of restoration done by Flaxman.

THE DOOM OF THE EXPORTED HORSE: STAGES OF HIS JOURNEY.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, LIONEL EDWARDS.



WHERE IT IS "A NOT UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE FOR HORSES TO BE BOUGHT FOR SHIPMENT ABROAD": A HORSE SALE AT THE BARBICAN REPOSITORY—SHOWING THE AUCTIONEER IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



WHERE THE TESTING ARRANGEMENTS ARE WELL CARRIED OUT: A VETERINARY EXAMINATION BEFORE EMBARKATION AT CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY—TROTting A HORSE IN ORDER TO DETECT ANY UNSOUNDNESS.

The traffic in old horses for export to the Continent, where most of them are killed for food, has lately come again under discussion. The conditions have been much improved under the Act of 1914. As Mr. Lionel Edwards points out in his article on the next page, the regulations against the export of unfit horses are satisfactorily enforced, at any rate, in our southern ports, though not always in the north. "Before going to see the horses embarked" (at Custom House Quay),

he writes, "I attended a sale of horses at the Barbican Repository, it being a not unusual occurrence for some horses to be bought there for shipment abroad," and he goes on to give particulars of the animals and their prices. Describing the scene on the quay, he says: "The majority of the animals were trotted on the stone setts—a severe test, as even a suspicion of unsoundness must become a certainty on such hard ground."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Old Friends Bound for the Foreign Butcher:

THE FATE OF THE EXPORTED HORSE.

In our issues for January 11, 1908, and March 5, 1910, we gave illustrated accounts of the traffic in worn-out horses to the Continent for slaughter, in order to draw public attention to what was then a grave scandal. We are glad to note, from the following article by Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose opinion is unbiassed, that the conditions of the traffic have been greatly improved.

QUESTIONS recently asked in the House of Commons with reference to the exportation of worn-out horses have again brought this subject into prominence, and the following brief notes on the traffic may be of interest.

The Exportation of Horses Act provides for the examination of all horses shipped to the Continent by a veterinary surgeon. The latter is appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and is required to see that every animal is not only fit to travel, but to work. This would seem to ensure that horses sent over must be workably sound; but that the Act has been evaded in individual cases was more or less admitted by Mr. J. Parker in replying in the House of Commons to Sir John Norton-Griffiths. He stated that the services of certain officials had been dispensed with, as a result of special enquiries which had been made with regard to the trade.

On Saturday, April 23, I visited Custom House Quay, to see animals which were to be shipped abroad examined and embarked. On that occasion 72 animals arrived for embarkation. They were first placed in a dry, well-ventilated

were mostly big horses, is to be found in the Government statistics. These show that out of 2420 exported from England to the Continent during January 1921, 2029 were slaughtered for food and 391 only released for work.

After examination each horse is led on to the

did not see this done, but understood it had been done before my arrival. The dealers bring the food for their horses (hay) with them, and this is distributed on board, the animals being fed before the ship leaves dock. This I saw done, and there appeared sufficient, considering the shortness of the voyage—thirteen hours (of which only seven are actually at sea). The ration is 13 lb. of hay per day, which is more than cavalry allowance for the same period, but minus the oats. Incidentally, the animals are better without the latter, for horses suffer not a little from *mal-de-mer*. The Government inspector is responsible, I understand, for the feeding arrangements.

The horses are watered when on board ship by the crew; for the first time before leaving dock, again at night, and on the following morning; i.e., three times between 12 noon Saturday and 7 a.m. Sunday. I also gathered that the crew consider watering horses a soft job, so that there is no danger of its ever being neglected!

Before going to see the horses embarked I attended, on the previous day, a sale of horses at the Barbican Repository, it being a not unusual occurrence for some horses to be bought there for shipment abroad. The animals in the catalogue were as varied as the prices they fetched. A number of excellent nearing draughts made prices to match, whilst some "lights of other days" were bought at prices varying from £3 to £30. I took particular note of the low-priced animals, expecting to see them appear at the docks for export; but in this I was agreeably disappointed,

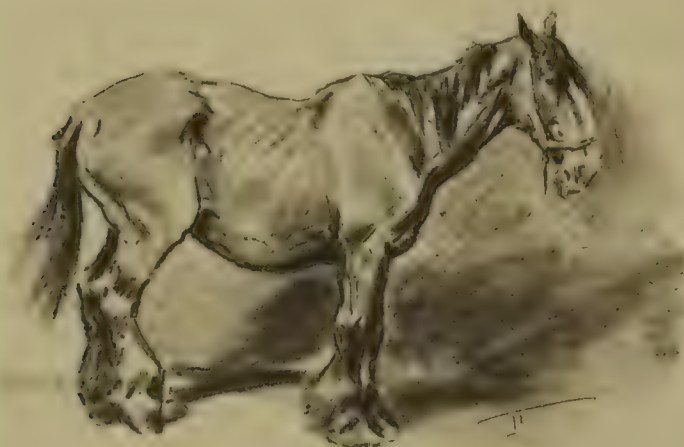


"THE MAJORITY OF THE HORSES WERE OF THE CART OR VAN TYPE": AN OLD VAN-HORSE.

Drawn by Lionel Edwards.

quay and placed in a box, and then lifted by crane direct into the main deck of the waiting

steamer, where he is taken out and tied up in his standing. The horse-standings are all on the main deck, forty-two aft and the remainder forward. The fittings are good, being the exact width and length of a horse, and it is thus impossible for the animal to be thrown about if the ship meets with rough weather. Moreover, the individual horse is saved from contact



TYPICAL OF THE MAJORITY SHIPPED AT CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY: AN OLD CART-HORSE.—[Drawn by Lionel Edwards.]

stable, and tied in rows. From these quarters they were led out one by one for veterinary examination. The majority of the animals were trotted on the stone setts—a severe test, as even a suspicion of unsoundness must become a certainty on such hard ground. Some of the animals were aged, some very aged, but there were surprisingly few unsound ones. I saw only five, in fact, that I considered not "workably sound"—in plain English, very lame. Of these, the vet. put four on one side, and I do not doubt he knew best about the other.

The majority of the horses were of the cart or van type, and most were in good condition, as regards both flesh and skin. There was one light horse, a black of thoroughbred type, who was shod, I noticed, with leather pads. He went pretty sound, however, and as he was in good condition and rugged up, he was presumably going to a good home. One rather good-looking horse arrived clipped and without a rug, and I was glad to notice the inspector refused his embarkation until a rug was provided.

Although most of the horses were aged, they were, on the average, in distinctly good condition, and a few were even fat. I only saw three thin horses, in fact. The reason of this, as well as an explanation of the circumstance that the animals

with his fellows, as the partitions are built up on each side, instead of a single plank sufficing. This is an improvement on the way remounts were carried during the war, for space was then so valuable that horses had to be carried not



NEVER MORE TO SHARE IN THE JOYS OF THE CHASE: AN OLD HUNTER.—[Drawn by Lionel Edwards.]

as I only spotted two on the quay the following day. This was easily to be understood, as these worn-out animals would not have passed the strict examination given. It is surprising to learn the prices which dealers give for animals which are

sent abroad—the majority for human consumption. One animal which I had seen bought for £40 went overseas, and, in view of the high proportion of animals slaughtered which is recorded in the statistics already quoted, one must presume he was intended for conversion into food. Now the cost of transit is roughly £5, which makes his value £45 on arrival. It would be interesting to have authoritative information as to the price paid for freshly killed horseflesh on the Continent. If my information on the point is correct, it makes much the same price as frozen meat, and I am told the retail price is somewhere about 10 or 12 francs (Belgian) to the kilo. The present rate of exchange is 52½ Belgian francs to the £ sterling. This would make a horse weighing 1300 lb. (an average weight for a small heavy draught) yield a profit of £60, and, presuming that this has to be

split up between dealer, middle-man, and butcher, each of these would net £20 profit per head. If these figures are fair estimates, one can easily understand why the majority of the animals exported are heavy draught and in good condition.

[Continued on page 66]



A CANDIDATE FOR A CONTINENTAL SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: AN OLD HACKNEY.

Drawn by Lionel Edwards.

only in the main deck, but in pent-houses, and also 'tween decks, where they were inevitably crowded together in darkness and stifling atmosphere, and, moreover, were at sea for long periods. The horses are watered before embarkation. I

HIS LAST VIEW OF ENGLAND: AN OLD HORSE'S EMBARKATION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, LIONEL EDWARDS.



"LIFTED BY CRANE DIRECT INTO THE MAIN DECK OF THE WAITING STEAMER": A HORSE BEING HOISTED ON BOARD THE "BATAVIER III." AT CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY, FOR EXPORT TO THE CONTINENT.

The inspection and embarkation of horses at Custom House Quay for export to the Continent are described by Mr. Lionel Edwards in his article on the opposite page. "After examination," he writes, "each horse is led on to the quay and placed in a box, and then lifted by crane direct into the main deck of the waiting steamer, where he is taken out and tied up to his standing." The Exportation of Horses Act (1914) forbids the export of animals worn-out and unfit for work. Yet most of those exported are bought for food. Out of

2420 horses sent abroad from England to the Continent last January, no fewer than 2029 were slaughtered for the butchers, and only 391 were released for work. In order to save the unfortunate creatures the added suffering of seasickness, arrangements are being made by the Ministry of Agriculture for the slaughtering to be done on this side. The French authorities have already agreed in the case of horse-flesh destined for France, and negotiations are pending with Holland and Belgium.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OVER 57,000 BRITISH HORSES SHIPPED ABROAD FOR SLAUGHTER IN ONE YEAR: OUR TRIBUTE TO HIPPOPHAGY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, LIONEL EDWARDS.



"ON THE MAIN DECK": A TYPICAL GROUP OF BRITISH HORSES BOUND FOR THE CONTINENT, WHERE 90 PER CENT. ARE SLAUGHTERED FOR HUMAN FOOD.

The conditions under which old horses, sold in this country to foreign purchasers, are shipped to the Continent have been greatly improved since the Exportation of Horses Act was passed in 1914. Every animal sent abroad must be not only fit to travel, but also to work, so that the former scandal of "traffic in worn-out horses" has to that extent been abolished. Inspectors appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture examine the horses and arrangements for their voyage at ports of embarkation, and, although cases of neglect have occurred at some northern ports, the work on the whole appears to be properly performed. The fact remains, however, that most of these horses are sold to be slaughtered for butcher's meat in countries where hippophagy is practised. It was officially stated that from March 12, 1920, to March 12, 1921, there were 64,128 horses exported. It has also been stated that 90 per cent. are killed for food; that is, a total of about

57,700 in a single year. The cause of the horse has been championed lately by several prominent M.P.s. Sir Harry Brittain suggested that efforts be made to stop the export traffic. Questions on the subject have been put by Sir John Butcher, Sir W. Davison, and Sir John Norton-Griffiths. The Minister of Agriculture, Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, said the Ministry would welcome inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. at the examination of horses. Lord Lambourne, Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., recently asked the King of the Belgians to support the appointment of Belgian veterinary inspectors to examine in England the carcasses of horses intended for food, so that they need not be exported alive. King Albert commended the Society's views to the Belgian Minister of Agriculture. The horse-standings on board ship (illustrated above) are described by Mr. Lionel Edwards in his article on a previous page.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE spring always opens in the London sale-rooms with glorious promise. This year has been no exception. On April 26 Messrs

Christie dispersed as fine a collection of armour of archaeological interest as has come into the market for several years. The two-days' sale of the Morgan Williams armour realised £31,687; and the third day, devoted to early English oak furniture and tapestry, brought £13,620. One item, a fourteenth-century Arab mosque lamp (illustrated in the *I.L.N.* last week), sold for 2500 guineas; and the grand total of the three days' sale reached £45,307.

The impulse of spring was felt all round. On April 30, at Messrs Robinson, Fisher, and Harding's sale at Willis's Rooms, a carved ivory model of a frigate, made by a French prisoner of war in Napoleonic days, brought £90. The rising of the sap in the markets extended to Edinburgh, for in Messrs Dowell's rooms in that city a copy of the first original Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Robert Burns, printed in 1786, sold for £505. It was of exceptional interest as having copies of original verses of Burns, thirty-three pages, in the handwriting of Mrs. Dunlop.

The collection of silver sold by Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey, Bt., rich in George II examples perhaps richer than any collection for many years realised £32,150 at Christie's in April; 370s per ounce was the highest price paid for a toilet service by Isaac Liger, 1728, which brought £1350.

But there is other silver ahead, which will "summon envious comparison and win with perfect art." We had thought that all armour had been exhausted, but we have yet to reckon with the Earl of Pembroke's armour, which comes shortly into the market, from Wilton House, Salisbury, a famous seat where fine trout lie pendulous in the waters.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, on the 6th, came into the arena with old English furniture, old Chinese and English porcelain, lace, textiles, and Persian rugs. There were treader suits of velvet (Spanish, eighteenth century), following silk waistcoats embroidered with flowers, of French origin, of the same period. All this colour of the male is the colour of the male in nature. The human female has usurped the natural colours belonging to the other sex. We realise the chagrin of old Pepys when he feared the eclipse of his camelot waistcoat and his velvet and silk coat with gold buttons by "the young and pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribands, and with laced bands, just like men."

At Christie's, on the 6th, pictures and water-colour drawings came up for pre-cedential valuation. Perhaps Ernest Crofts attracted buyers for old times' sake, and his studies of Napoleon and of French and English soldiers struck a current note. We turned to Claud Hayes, always delightful. He wandered apace for his character. He had his "Hay Time, Wareham, Dorset," "A Sussex Common near Mudiford," and "The Sandpit." He represents sound technique and fine

atmosphere, the glorious inheritance of the great water-colour artists. A Claud Hayes is always a fine possession. To-morrow it will have to be reinsured in regard to its risen value. An Orpen, 1904, is noticeable to students of the progress of Sir William Orpen, R.A. It is the portrait of a gentleman in riding costume. It is early work of the man whose "Chef," the picture of the year, is to be bought from the funds of the Chantrey Bequest. Sir William Lavery, R.A., had two 1884 subjects—"A Day in Midsummer" and "An October Evening." But nowadays Lavery paints portraits; such is the march of time. We notice Sir Philip Burne-Jones's portrait of Lady Diana Manners as "The Prado Infanta," which was exhibited at the Royal

usually convivial. This was dated 1625.

On the 10th, Messrs Christie sold decorative furniture and tapestry from various sources. Two fine Flemish panels of the seventeenth century attracted notice. One represented the Entry into Jerusalem, and the other was woven with Tobit and the Angel, with emblematic figures and military emblems. Two Audenarde panels, early eighteenth century, with views of a château in woody landscape, were marked "I.R.," probably Jean Robyns.

On the 11th, at the same rooms, water-colour drawings and modern pictures were up for inspection. A head of Robert Louis Stevenson by G. Nerli, 21½ in. by 17½ in., was offered after much speculation as to what Stevensonians would value it at; and America, too, had to be reckoned with. It is a charcoal drawing, the property of Mr. F. J. Hytch, for whom it was executed at Samoa, and whose family still possess the receipt from the artist, dated July 11, 1911, but no published record can be given as to the amount paid.

In a miscellaneous sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 12th and 13th, jewellery, miniatures, bronzes, china, and furniture came forward. Sundials and watches formed alluring items, French and German examples of pocket sundials of the early eighteenth century being remarkable. There was a Louis XIV. *memento mori* watch by Bailly, Paris, in the form of a silver skull of small size, finely modelled—a gruesome reminder of the march of time which was once the vogue. Mary Queen of Scots had a similar example of an earlier period. A Cromwellian clock was ascribed to Tho. Tompion, London, and was of small size, only 8½ in. A *pièce de résistance* was a fine Elizabethan gold chain of ninety-five oval hollow beads formed of four spiral panels of filigree work. The pedigree of this piece is complete from 1660, when it was bequeathed in a will,

and later in another will. A fire in 1817 destroyed twenty-eight links. It is quite an archaeological example, and is well known. Charms which ladies wear nowadays were represented in a sixteenth-century prototype of a gold wheel-lock pistol, 1-8 in. long. The pistol was finely modelled,

and had three table emeralds as ornaments, one of which is now missing. Henry VIII. in 1536 gave a similar charm to Anne Boleyn. On her execution she gave it to Captain Gawyn, and it is still preserved. The same design is known in two portraits by Holbein.

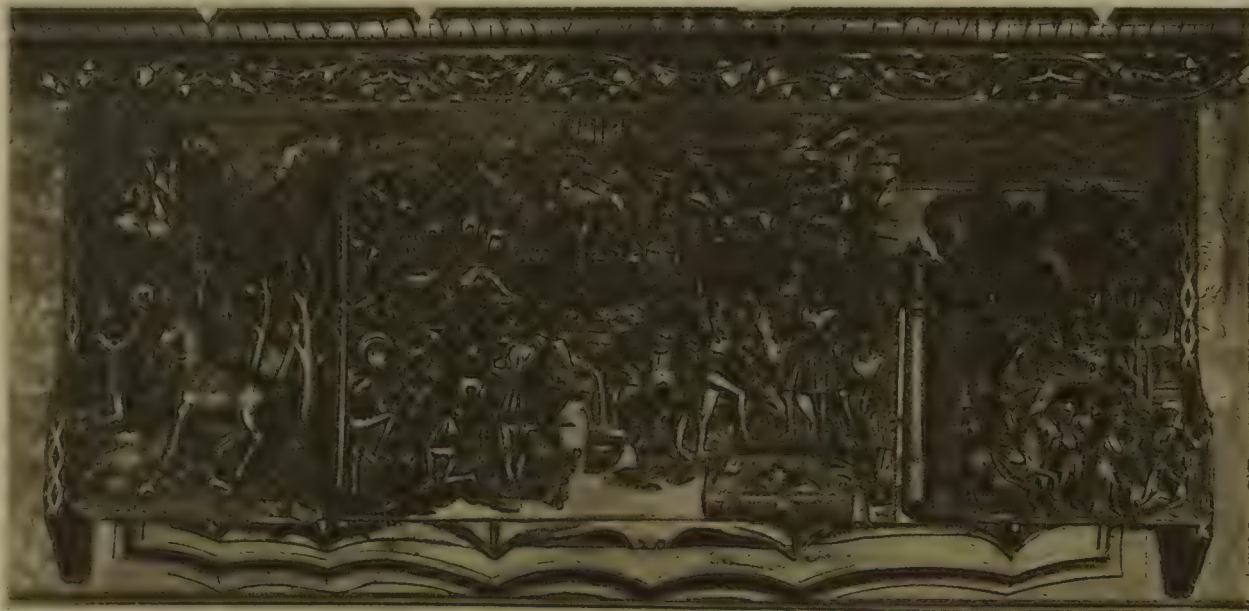
Chinese porcelain had its moments. A blue-and-white Ming teapot was finely mounted with metal gilt base, spout, handle, and lid. Two fine *famille-rose* jars, with ladies and flowers in shaped panels on Mazarin-blue ground and gilt-pencilled, were exquisite specimens of Kien Lung; and a *famille-verte* bowl decorated with the interior of a house, with figures, garden terrace, and fishing scene, upheld the glory of K'ang-hsi. A pair of blue-and-white Delft dishes, with birds and flowers, and inscription "G.P." 1696, were fine and rare examples.



WITH EXQUISITE TUDOR CARVING AND PANELLING, AND AN EARLY SPANISH LEATHER FRIEZE: THE OAK PARLOUR AT GWYDYR CASTLE, WHICH IS TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE.

The centre panel of the magnificent overmantel bears the date 1597, with the arms of the Wynns and their motto ("Nec timet nec tumet"), and supporting figures of "Julius" and "Augustus." This room and the dining-room (illustrated in two photographs on the opposite page) will be dismantled and sold separately at a sale to be held in the Castle grounds by Messrs. Ward Price, on May 24 and 25, unless the Castle has been purchased as it stands when offered for sale at Chester on the previous day.—[Photograph by Courtesy of "Country Life."]

Academy in 1912, and attracted attention then as it realised attentive regard on its changing owners now. The portrait of Mrs. Pettie, the wife of John Pettie, R.A., 1865, has been exhibited from 1867 to 1911. It was reminiscent of old tunes long forgotten, the lavender perfume of days evanished.



GWYDYR CASTLE AND ITS TREASURES COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A TRIPTYCH PANEL OF BURGUNDIAN CARVING SHOWING THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT.

This fine panel (9 ft. 9 in. by 4 ft. 2 in.) is attributed to one of John Wynn's sons who was a monk in St. Hubert's Monastery.

Photograph by Courtesy of "Country Life." (See further Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

A streak of the old came with "A Tavern Yard," by A. Brouwer. His canvases of taverns are scattered across Europe from Brussels to Dresden, and from Dulwich to Florence, in well-known galleries, and we wonder what has become of those at the Hermitage, Petrograd. Another old canvas was by Dirk Hals, the brother of the great Franz Hals—"A Musical Conversation." His pieces are

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF TUDOR OAK: GWYDYR CASTLE FOR SALE.

BY CUCKERY OF MESSRS. WARD PRICE AND CO., THE AUCTIONEERS



MADE IN 1535: JOHN WYNN'S COURT CUPBOARD, CARVED WITH THE ARMS OF LLEWELLYN'S FATHER.



A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF EARLY ELIZABETHAN FURNITURE: THE WYNN JUSTICE CHAIR, USED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



ATTRIBUTED TO INIGO JONES: A RICHLY CARVED DOORWAY IN THE DINING-ROOM OF GWYDYR CASTLE.



WITH THE WYNN ARMS IN THE CENTRE PANEL: A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED TUDOR CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Gwydyr Castle, on the River Conway, near Llanrwst, a famous and historic mansion full of beautiful old Tudor carving, panelling, and furniture, is to be offered for sale by Messrs. Ward Price at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, on May 23, as it stands, with the estate and "all panelling and fixtures except two carved panels. Failing a purchaser, the contents are to be offered separately, including the panelled oak parlour and dining-room, by the same auctioneers at a sale in the Castle grounds on May 24, 25 and 26. It is greatly hoped that the dismantling which would thus be necessary may be avoided. The dining-room

is considered to be the work of Inigo Jones, who was a friend of the Wynn family, ancestral owners of the Castle and descendants of the royal Welsh Princes. The first known owner, Howell Coetmor, served under the Black Prince at Poitiers, and his son, Dafydd, sold it to Meredydd ap Jevan, great-grandfather of Sir John Wynn, the historian, who was made a baronet in 1611. Meredydd rebuilt the Castle about 1480. Later, the estate passed to the first Duke of Ancaster, who married Mary Wynn, and in 1895 it was bought by Earl Carrington. The house to-day looks practically as it was in Jacobean times.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

GIVE me the playwright of ideas, and I will forgive him shortcomings of craft. Here is a new man, Ernest Cecil; in private life Sir Ernest Cecil Cochrane, of gingery champagne. He feels the vocation of playwriting; he fancies a bold subject—the county-lady, narrow to the fault of refusing to meet a divorcée, yet with a distinct blot on her own escutcheon, a son begotten without benefit of clergy. He forges ahead, and in sight of port he cuts the Gordian knot instead of disentangling difficult skeins. In other words, Ernest Cecil, unconventional up to a certain point, becomes conventional when he does not know what to do with the love-child: he kills it off. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* The real postulate was, what would have happened to the narrow county-lady if her child had lived? So we were not quite satisfied, nor did we approve of all the methods of the new author. He may or he may not have heard of the French author Dennery, whose centenary draws near; he may or he may not have grown up with the melodramatic school with "cry of the heart" and the blushing mother facing a young stranger, after much tribulation, with the words: "I am your mother" (tableau; tears; applause). For aught I know he may have derived all these munitions of the theatrical arsenal out of his own head. But there they are, and they mar a work which has great qualities of thought, of language, of ideas which reveal a promise to be fulfilled when the practised hand will show him when he is right and when off the rails. There was the stuff of a good play in "A Matter of Fact," but it did not materialise because the author is as yet trammelled by theatricality and unfamiliarity of technique. In France they would have received his play *à correction*—that is to say, they would have moved amendments and got them carried before production. Miss Eva Moore, much praised in all quarters, did not, in my opinion, help to humanise the play. She, too, played *à la Dennery*. She acted, perhaps, to perfection, but real life did not vibrate in her performance. She whined long and often; she grovelled on the floor. Dennery's "Two Orphan Mothers" did that; mothers of 1921 are of sterner mould.

Some of the young ladies acted without inspiration. Miss Auriol Lee alone held her own: she has spirit and power of characterisation. Mr. McKinnel may be thanked for giving a hearing to a newcomer who has something to say.

Granville we make the acquaintance of a dancer whose humour is as nimble as his limbs and feet. In Miss Evelyn Laye we have a dreamland-girl—a Neame (with intelligence) in aspect, a charm in manner, a little squirrel in grace, a little song-bird in voice; anon she will adorn the mantelpiece of every self-respecting boy of eighteen—and more. One does not criticise such pleasant entertainments; one sips them like a liqueur. I felt as if I were under a gentle treatment of massage, physical and mental. It was excellent relaxation after a day's hard work in a coal-starved world.

To whomsoever the credit may belong, there was a master hand at work in the arrangement of the Shakespeare Festival at the New Theatre, organised by Mr. Matheson Lang and Mr. Bronson Albery on behalf of the Shakespeare Association. First a pageant of Shakespearean characters, gay, grave, sorrowful and passionate, passing before us in rich and sombre colouring, with gleams of gold and clang of steel, and then—the climax. A single figure, scarlet-robed, stepping modestly on to the empty stage, to hold us all spellbound, as of yore, by her voice, by her inimitable charm, by her womanliness and her whole wonderful personality—our Ellen Terry! No Doge was there, no revengeful Jew or tortured Merchant, but just Portia alone. And yet she conjured up the whole scene for us with a few words, and then moved us to pity for the Merchant and to admiration for the young advocate by her rendering of "The quality of mercy is not strain'd." No wonder the house rose at her! Ours was not a tribute to age, for Ellen Terry seems to possess the secret of perennial youth; nor to past glories, for glory enhaled her as she stood there before us, smiling and alert. It was the spontaneous enthusiasm aroused by a really great actress.

From the shitting scenes that went before many figures stand out—the touching and truly dignified Katherine of Sybil Thorndike, the debonair Benedick of Matheson Lang, the two Henrys, old and young, of Frank Cellier and Basil Rathbone, and Arthur Bourchier's robust Shylock. But besides these there was so much admirable good work done in honour of the Bard, such tuneful ditties sung—especially by Mr. Hayden Coffin, whose voice, as fresh as ever,



"THE 'UMBLEST PERSON GOING': MR. STANLEY LUPINO AS URIAH HEEP IN "THE PEEP-SHOW" AT THE HIPPODROME. One of the most delightful scenes in the new revue at the Hippodrome, "The Peep-Show," is the Thirteenth Peep, "Down Dickens Street," in which various Dickens characters make brief appearances. Mr. Stanley Lupino plays Uriah Heep, Scrooge, and Sam Weller; Miss Mona Vivian, Oliver Twist, Little Nell, and Poor Jo; and Miss Annie Croft, Nancy and Dolly Varden.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

Silence about "Love Among the Paint Pots," by G. E. Jennings! It is an error of a gifted woman

who excels in one-act plays and has not yet mastered the secret of expansion. There was some humour in the dialogue and collateral characterisation, but there was more horse-play humour of music-hall and revue facility. It was painful recently to behold Charles Hawtrey clowning under a four-poster; it is even more painful to see an actress of comic genius caprioling on a window-sill (three-and-a-half minutes, watch in hand) like a Grock at his piano. Nor did we like Owen Nares wasted on a rôle of no consequence of a penny-novelettish nature. To me the most interesting part of the evening was the contemplation of Basil Dean's typical stage picture. He is a producer of rare observation.

"Mary," at the Queen's, is capital fun—a feast of dancing, of pleasant tunes (one of them of quality) and perfect stage drill. There is nothing like it in town. It is a combination of musical-

comedy, operette, and ballet which never flags, never allows breathing-time, but is always pretty, often bright, and never vulgar. In Mr. Bernard

should surely be heard more often—that I should have to quote the whole programme in order to do justice to an afternoon full of fine achievement.



THE GIRL WHOM BILL SIKES MURDERED: MISS ANNIE CROFT AS NANCY IN THE DICKENS SCENE OF "THE PEEP-SHOW."

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

Mr. Norman McKinnel tried to efface himself in the secondary part of the husband, yet he is always a dominating, arresting personality.



ASKING FOR A SECOND HELP OF CRUEL: MISS MONA VIVIAN AS OLIVER TWIST IN "THE PEEP-SHOW" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

THE FIRST HEAVIER-THAN-AIR HOVERER: A SUCCESSFUL HELICOPTER.

By COURTESY OF THE "AEROPLANE." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE UNITED STATES ADVISORY COMMITTEE FOR AERONAUTICS.



A NEW TYPE OF AERIAL "O-PIP": THE PETROCZY HELICOPTER RISEN VERTICALLY TO 120 FT. BY THE UPLIFT OF ITS SCREWS, DURING TRIALS; (INSET) A DIAGRAM OF THE MACHINE.

The problem of inventing a heavier-than-air machine capable of ascending vertically and hovering has been solved by an officer of the Austrian Army Balloon Corps, Lieutenant Stefan von Petroczy. Our photograph illustrates a successful test of his new captive helicopter, which rose to a height of 120 feet. Describing it from information published by the United States Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the "Aeroplane" says: "It consists of a three-armed steel-tube framework, each arm carrying one 120-h.p. Le Rhone engine, all three driving two oppositely rotating air-screw shafts. . . . In the observer's cockpit is stowed a large parachute (mechanically ejected) sufficient to allow the whole machine to

descend safely without aid from the air-screws." This is the first helicopter in the world to remain hovering for any time after ascent. It was controlled by three cables (attached to winches on the ground), which were paid out as it rose, and by which it was hauled down against the upward pull of the screws. So far, a descent with engines stopped has not been attempted. The letters in the inset diagram indicate: *FFF*, the tube frames; *M*, one of the three motors; *R*, radiator; *BBB*, small landing buffers; *LB*, large buffer; *PP*, propellers; *O*, observer's turret. For artillery observation the helicopter is less conspicuous than a balloon, can fire upwards, and, having no gas, needs less field equipment.

NESTS OF OUR GAME BIRDS: THE POLYGAMOUS

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



BRITISH GAME BIRDS—THEIR NESTS AND EGGS: (1) GROUSE; (2) WILD DUCK; (3) SNIPE; (4) GREY

Mr. G. E. Lodge gives the following notes on the breeding habits of the birds he has here illustrated: "(1) Grouse pair early in spring, and the hen bird makes a rough nest among heather, and lays eight or ten very handsomely marked eggs in April, the eggs being cream colour with profuse blotches and mottling of rich red brown. Both parents are assiduous in their care of the chicks when hatched. (2) Wild ducks are early breeders, the hen beginning to incubate her eight or ten pale greyish-green eggs by the middle of March. The nest is a fairly bulky structure, and is lined with down plucked from the breast of the hen. The nest is not necessarily near water, and may be found in hedgerows, plantations, heather, and so on; not infrequently the eggs are laid in trees, either at the top of a pollarded tree or in the deserted nest of some other bird. (3) Snipe nest in April; the eggs are always four in number, and are placed normally in the nest with the points meeting in the centre of the nest. The nest is generally made in a tuft of grass or heather in a more or less marshy situation. The eggs are greenish in ground colour with dark-brown blotches, as a rule concentrated towards the large end of the egg. (4) Black-game are polygamous, the blackcock taking no interest in either the eggs or the chicks; therefore upon the grey hen devolves all the trouble and responsibility of looking after the welfare and safety of her family. The nest is a slight structure on the ground, and the eggs are creamy-white, dotted all over with small orange-brown spots. (5) Pheasants are also polygamous; therefore much excuse must be made for the hen pheasant if she fails always to rear up the

PHEASANT AND THE MONOGAMOUS PARTRIDGE.

LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE. (COPYRIGHT.)



HEN; (5) PHEASANT; (6) RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE; (7) WOODCOCK; (8) PLOVER; (9) PARTRIDGE.

whole of her rather numerous family. Hen pheasants will often lay their eggs in another pheasant's nest, and also in partridges' nests. Occasionally the eggs will be laid in an old nest up a tree. The eggs are pale olive in colour, and the clutch varies from eight to twelve in number. (6) Red-legged partridges are monogamous, and lay their eggs in similar situations to those chosen by the common partridge. The eggs are from twelve to sixteen in number, and are yellowish-white in colour, with small reddish dots all over them. They will frequently lay their eggs in nests of common partridge. (7) The woodcock is an early nester, the eggs being sometimes laid in March. The eggs are four in number, and the site of the nest is among the dead leaves on the ground in woods. (8) To most people plovers' eggs are more often seen on the dinner-table than in their natural surroundings. Any kind of open country will suit a pair of plovers for their nesting operations. Pasture, arable, moorland, 'back' or swamp is equally suitable, as long as the country is open enough for the sitting bird to have a good view for possible danger, so that she can steal away from off her eggs before taking to flight. Many eggs are annually destroyed by farming operations, especially by horse-rollers, but the birds will always lay a second clutch. (9) Partridges lay more eggs than any other game bird, frequently up to nineteen or twenty. They nest later than either grouse or pheasants, and, both parents taking charge, they very frequently bring up their whole brood successfully. The cock bird is very gallant in defence of his chicks, and has been seen to beat off a sparrowhawk that was attempting a raid on the family."

LADIES' NEWS.

MOST of our news this week is of postponement. Happily, tennis, polo, and cricket can carry on without light, and heat is supplied actually or vicariously by the participation or interest in the games; also, the outdoor season is at hand. The Court is, I am sure, postponed, not cancelled; about those fixed for later in the month nothing has been said. It would not be at all surprising if all three were held on afternoons when the weather is warmer. Pictures have come into their own again, and private views become quite fashionable. It is now long since that at Burlington House, which was more remarkable for quantity than for quality as far as the attendance was concerned. There was, of course, a large flavour of distinguished personages to leaven the lump of ordinary individuals. Dress was under the influence of coal black economy, and was, save for some hats, dull and unremarkable.

It would almost seem that a wave of recklessness was passing over every class and each sex. Women have raised the red cap of liberty in the form of a perfect epidemic of red hats of all sorts and sizes, as the Irish fishwife said of her wares. So universal is the craze for red hats that their becomingness, or their suitability, is little considered. I saw a lady bent with the burden of years and wrinkled with the ravages of time gallantly wearing a bright-red glissé straw hat trimmed with gay little clusters of red-currants. It was a daring deed. When red is kind to a complexion it is very kind; otherwise, it is cruel in the extreme. Fashion in hats has ruled lightly for many years, and now it is go-as-you-please with regard to millinery.

Much is said in these days about the prevalence of make-up on young and pretty faces. Men vote it simply ridiculous, but women know how the habit grows. It begins with lack of proper care of a good complexion. Life is lived at such a rate that the very first and most important consideration for keeping the skin clear and healthy is forgotten, and the modern girl, in her own phrase, "uses any old soap." Soon her skin complains visibly, but she remains heedless. Then, instead of sending for such a celebrated tonic for the skin as Knight's beautiful, velvety lathering Castile Soap, super-milled and deliciously fragrant of lavender, which permits the skin to breathe pure air, they use make-up which calls for more and more every time and eventually becomes a mask,

A WALKING COSTUME.
The dress, which is embroidered in white silk, is of dark-blue serge, and has a cape of the same material.
Photograph by Talbot.

and the complexion beneath is ruined. Knight's Castile Soap, procurable anywhere, is the skin's best friend, rendering it clear and healthy, and preserving a good skin, not painting over it.

Pictures are now the fashion, and an Exhibition of Modern Flower-Painting and impressions of Corsica by Ethel Wright, R.O.I., and of decorative designs for the stage by Guy de Gerald, opened this week at the Brook Street Art Gallery until the 31st inst., will interest many art-lovers. There are very few artists who devote themselves in any adequate measure to flower-painting, yet of all pictures those really representative of favourite flowers are the most decorative and the most satisfactory to settle down with. Ethel Wright is a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and very successful with portraits. She is now much taken up with flowers.

Pearls will have to have pedigrees; there is no doubt about it. The Japanese, the cleverest and most thorough imitators on earth, have pressed the oyster into service and produced pearls so perfect that it is said that the only possible way to prove them the work of the coerced oyster rather than of the free bivalve, is to cut them in two, and so halve their value. The only way, therefore, to make my lady secure that her pearls are like Cæsar's wife, is to have their pedigree in their passage through family archives. Receipted bills are of little use, since enormous sums are said to have been paid for these artificially produced gems. Every well-known jeweller who has pearls for sale knows where they came from, and can give fair histories of the gems. So beautiful are pearls that they will always be favourite jewels, and the possession of their pedigrees will make them specially interesting.

There are some elegances and graces without which refined women would find life hardly worth living. Among these is a good, reliable, dainty and delicious series of toilet requisites. If, when one emerges from a bath in which have been some of Morny Frères' salts of, say, the hauntingly elusive "Nocturne" set, soap of the same kind being used, one dusts with Morny "Nocturne" dusting-powder, continues the use in "Nocturne" toilet water and other necessities, and finishes with a few drops of the perfume, the day is entered upon delightfully. The woman of taste and charm finds moral support from such a toilet. It is more quickly performed than in Georgian days, when hours were spent in the process of dressing. It is refreshing and it is harmonious; also it sends the lady out into the world feeling fresh and comfortable, ready for anything, not, as her Georgian ancestress, afraid to move quickly or naturally lest she injure the effect so laboriously acquired by the careful and leisurely toilet.
A. E. L.

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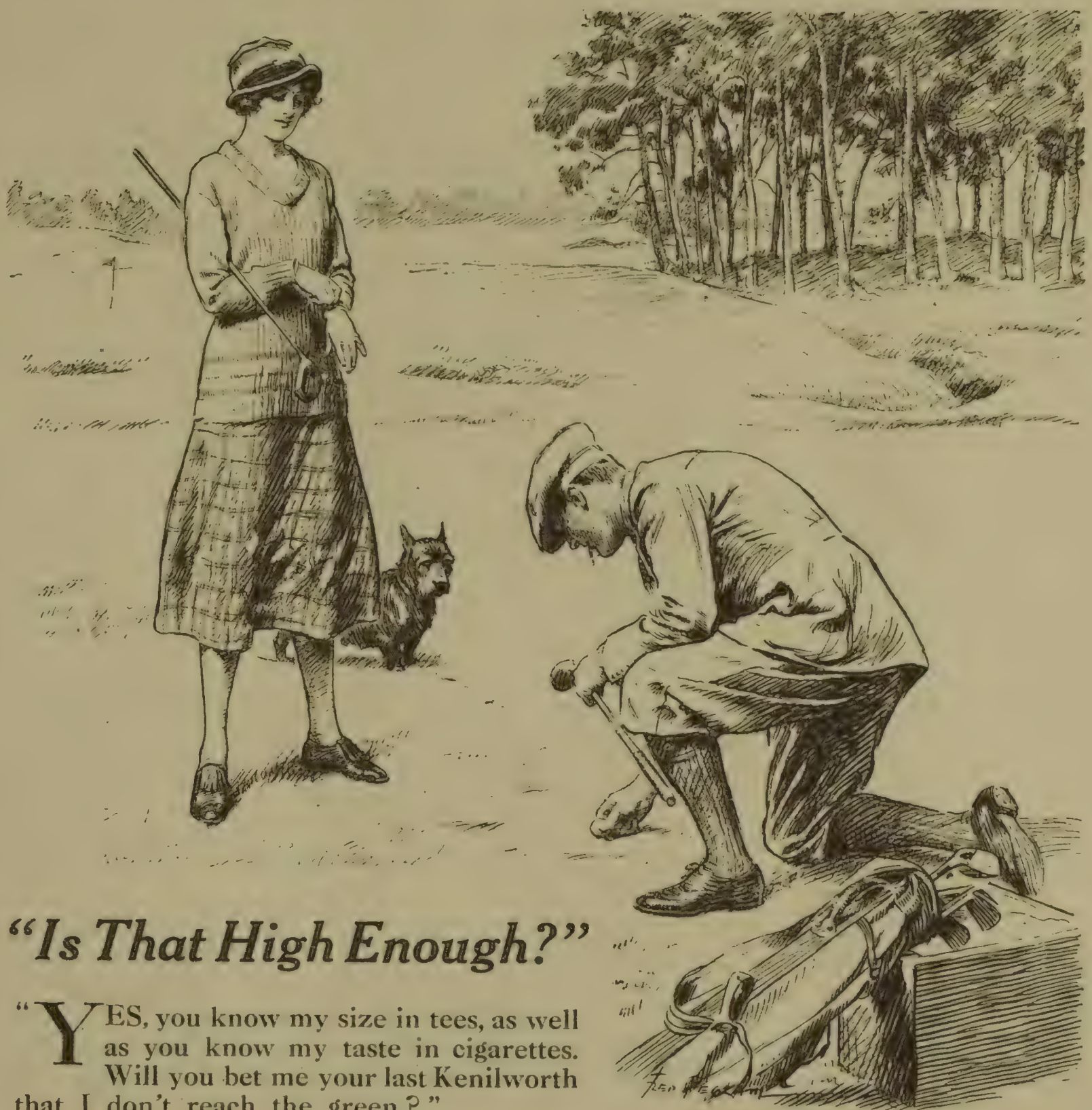
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LOVE AMONG THE PAINT-POTS." AT THE ALDWYCH.

IF Miss Gertrude Jennings could only spin a plot as well as she can invent eccentric characters and bring them into humorous relations, what refreshing stage-work we should get from her! As it is, we have always to be content with something less than a full-length play, with a scheme that is constantly fraying into holes and shows obvious signs of padding. Take her latest effort, "Love Among the Paint-Pots"; it has moments of the richest fun, it contains at least half-a-dozen low-life types which have quite a Dickensian comicality, and much of its dialogue is irresistibly droll; but, alas! there must be a story, and sentiment too, and a sentimental hero, if Mr. Owen Nares is to figure in it, and there Miss Jennings's weakness shows itself. She can devise the most screaming situations for a comédienne of Miss Sydney Fairbrother's quaint type: watch this artist in the rôle of a woolly-brained spinster scrambling through a window or diving under a table in search of a lost cigarette-case; or, again, bemusing a trio of excited listeners in an attempt to explain a mystery, and you will shriek with laughter over her acrobatics in the one scene and her triumph of fatuity in the other; and it is Miss Jennings who has given her this biggest opportunity in her career. The playwright can even hit off the modern flapper to the life—you will like Miss Joan Maclean in the part, notwithstanding a little too whining a note. But when it comes to creating a hero, the author's resources will not run to the job. Her young Arthur has a mania for self-

sacrifice, for taking other persons' crimes on his shoulders, and so has always to be telling his forward little sweetheart that he cannot explain who he is or what he has done. A sad business this for the dashing Mr. Nares; his Arthur's kisses come too late to save him from seeming ridiculous. Fortunately, there are the paper-hangers, to whom Mr. Edward Rigby and Mr. Roy Byford give full-blooded humour; fortunately, Miss Dora Gregory and Miss Mary Brough, as village "cats," have a delightful quarrel scene,

and it certainly has the recommendation of being beautifully acted. The author, there is no denying, makes heavy claims on his audience's capacity for make-believe; those who are to enjoy his play must be prepared for "love at first sight" proceeding to most extravagant lengths. A chance encounter with a girl at his studio door is enough to fire the armless hero, after a single call on her aunt, into storming her bed-room and commencing a courtship as ardent as Romeo's; while the girl herself, in the midst

of discouraging remonstrances, outdoes Juliet by telling the young madman where he can find the ladder which will bring him to her window. Audrey, indeed, is not only the aptest of pupils in the school of Love; she becomes an ardent proselyte in Love's service, and induces a girl-cousin almost on her marriage eve to throw over a fiancé who has never touched her heart for the right man "who is sure to come along," and straightway is brought along in the person of the hero's friend. So whole-hearted a votary of Cupid deserved that any obstacles to the progress of her own romance—to wit, lack of commissions for her lover and her family's natural objections to love in a hurry—should be promptly removed, and the playwright re-



TYPICAL OF THE HAVOC TO BE RESTORED IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BATTLE-AREAS: A COMPOSITE MODEL OF DEVASTATION SCENES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS—SHOWN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE WAR EXHIBITION.

Much has been done towards reconstructing the devastated areas in France and Flanders, but much still remains to be accomplished. The above model, in the Imperial War Museum's Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, does not represent any single town, but shows typical examples of wrecked houses, churches, bridges, and factories.—[Imperial War Museum Official Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.]

rendered with infinite gusto. And, of course, there are the "turns" of Miss Sydney Fairbrother, worth going miles to see. Let us be grateful for the good things.

"SWEET WILLIAM." AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

There are sufficient turns of humour in the scheme and sufficient wit in the dialogue to make Mr. Keble Howard's "Sweet William," fantastic story of sentiment though it is, a very agreeable entertainment,

moves them for her in one magnificent sweep. The fable has a delightful actress to make its artifice seem nature: Miss Cathleen Nesbitt does wonders with her part, and gives life and an air of sincerity to every scene in which the heroine figures. Mr. George Tully puts ardour into his love-making; Miss Susie Vaughan lends quite a lot of character to the aunt; and Miss Pollie Emery's broad comic style wins many a laugh for the sallies of the artist's charwoman.

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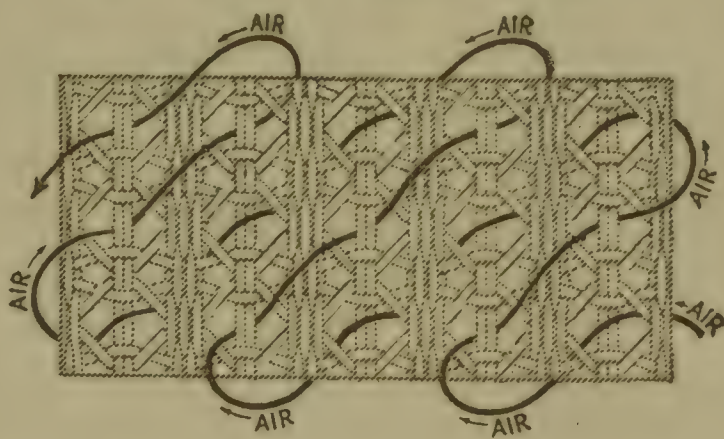
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Even my bones
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THE FATE OF EXPORTED HORSES.—(Continued from p. 646.)

As the Government restrictions ensure the animals being reasonably sound, it seems that the phrase "Worn-Out Horse Traffic" is a misnomer.

Personally, I am of opinion that the humane conduct of the traffic entirely depends on the integrity and competence of the Government inspectors. It rests with them whether any cruelty is possible in the export trade—at any rate on this side of the water.

Judging from the official Report made by Mr. Peacey (Veterinary Inspector) to the Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the condition of horses landed at Antwerp and Rotterdam in February last was only fairly good. Making due allowance for kicks and other accidents in transit, there were some bad cases from the northern ports, such as Hull and Goole, and, as he remarks, "any cause for horses having to be slaughtered immediately on their arrival should be eliminated at English ports—namely, grease and skin trouble—because, until the real reason is understood, it is apt to create a wrong impression or cast a slur on the standard of fitness adopted by the veterinary inspectors at English ports." The Report further states that at Rotterdam the testing of animals for lameness is not usually carried out, and the process of selecting animals for slaughter is based only on physical appearance. This would not appear to be of great moment, however, as 90 per cent. are slaughtered for food within a few days of arrival.

Judging from what I saw at the Custom House Quay, there is little chance of doubtful cases going from southern ports, whatever may be the case in the north, and I am of opinion, after some years' experience (as Remount Officer) of embarkation and transport of horses by sea, that as regards the veterinary examination, the horse-sheds and ship fittings, and the feeding and watering arrangements during transit, the arrangements are satisfactory.

In conclusion, I might add that in the six months Sept. 12, 1920, to March 12, 1921, no fewer than 39,863 horses were passed for shipment abroad. It is, I think, agreed that everywhere the export of

old horses has been improved, as regards conditions, to an extent scarcely yet realised, although (to quote the Report again) "there is undoubtedly scope for raising the standard of horses shipped from the northern ports." The conclusion arrived at is that, "if this were done, it would be difficult for any society to attack the Ministry on the charge of cruelty. The whole case would then resolve itself into trading in working horses as permitted by the Act of 1914, but it would not



No. 1. For the new State of Trans-Jordan in Palestine: an E.E.F. 1-millime stamp overprinted (in Arabic) "East of Jordan."—Nos. 2, 3, and 4. Olympic Games stamps used by the Belgian Post Office: (left to right) the 5 centimes green, 10c. carmine, and 15c. brown, converted by surcharging into 20 centimes stamps.—No. 5. A Dutch stamp surcharged: the 4½c. lilac converted into a 4c. provisional stamp.—Nos. 6, 7 and 8. D'Annunzio stamps used up at Fiume: three of the sixteen overprinted "Governo Provvisorio." [Stamps supplied by F. J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.]

stop the slaughter of working horses for food by the Belgians."

LIONEL EDWARDS.

Now that the cricket season is in full swing, devotees of the game will frequently need to turn for information to that old and trusted oracle, "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack." The new edition for 1921, edited by Sydney H. Pardon, includes scores and bowling analyses of all important matches played in 1920, and a portrait of Mr. P. F. Warner.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE stamps of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, used by our British administration in Palestine during the latter part of the war, have been continued in use under the new régime with a tri-lingual overprint reading "Palestine" in English, Arabic, and Hebrew. These have already been illustrated and described in these pages, but the same E.E.F. stamps have also been over-printed for the new State of Trans-Jordan. A few months ago some British political officers were sent across the Jordan to establish a provisional Arab Government east of Palestine, and it is in connection with this embryo State that the E.E.F. stamps have been over-printed with an Arabic inscription signifying "East of Jordan." Post offices have been established in this territory at Irbid, Ajlun, Es Salt, Amman, Madeba, and Kerak. There are eleven values from 1 millime to 20 piastres, and the overprint is in black, except for that on the 1 piastre indigo stamp, which is a silver over-print.

The Belgian post office having large quantities of the recent Olympic Games issue left over, and finding a heavily increased demand for stamps of 20 centimes denomination, have surcharged the commemorative set. The original issue comprised the 5c. + 5c. green, 10c. + 5c. carmine, and 15c. + 5c. brown, then being sold in each case at 5 centimes over their postal franking value to raise funds for the Belgian wounded. Each of these three stamps has been converted into a 20 centimes stamp by means of surcharging. The surcharge is in black on the 10c. + 5c. carmine, and in red on the other two values. A provisional 4 cent. stamp has been issued in Holland, created by surcharging the 4½c. lilac with a large "4C" in red. It was thought that when Gabriele d'Annunzio, surrendered Fiume after the celebrated battle of Christmas last, there would be an end to the quaint issues of stamps of his regency. But the autonomous Fiume has used up the stock of the stamps bearing d'Annunzio's portrait by cancelling the poet's effigy with the superscription of the Provisional Government. The over-print reads "Governo Provvisorio," and has been applied to sixteen of the stamps of the d'Annunzio issue.



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You can control at will the consumption of fuel

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A Message to Mothers

The Claxton Ear-Cap quickly corrects any tendency to outstanding ears. Let your child wear it in the nursery, and during sleep—and save disfigurement in after life. Sold by all leading Department Stores and Drapers, also by Chemists, etc. Note the name CLAXTON (the original and only genuine); scientifically made in 21 sizes. Mercerised, 5s., Pink Silk de Luxe, 10s. 6d. Send following measurements: Round head, just above ears, and across head from lobe to lobe. I. L. Claxton, The Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

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Its finely tempered gold nib is pointed with natural hard osmiridium, not fused alloy, which is generally used.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Price of Petrol.

We are now being treated to an object-lesson in the practical application of Sir Marcus Samuel's famous dictum that the price of petrol is what it will fetch. By a severe process of experiment, the petroleum "combines" have arrived at an exact appreciation of the price the motorist can be induced to pay for his fuel, and apparently the price has been fixed in accordance with the discovery, and looks like remaining as the one stable thing in the midst of instability. There is no reason in the world, save the greed of gain, why the price of petrol should not be substantially reduced forthwith. The *Motor* quotes some rather interesting, not to say almost startling, figures bearing on the cost of the motorists' fuel—figures which are well worth keeping in mind. A fortnight ago, the price of Diesel oil fell from £10 to £6 per ton, and bunker oil, used for steam-raising, was reduced from £7 to £4 10s. per ton. At the end of last year, the price of Diesel oil was £16-£17, and of bunker oil, £13-£14 per ton. That is to say, while the prices of the heavy oils have been reduced by 60 per cent. to 70 per cent., the cost of petrol to the consumer has remained unaltered since the end of last year. I suppose that if the combines were seriously tackled about the profiteering they are undoubtedly carrying on at the expense of the petrol-user, they would have some more or less washable excuse ready to hand. But on the figures there seems to be no conscionable reason at all for maintaining the price of petrol at its present inordinate figure. I am afraid that nothing will have effect but healthy competition; but where that is to come from is not at all apparent.

Coloured Petrol.

What extraordinary ideas some people evolve! One of the latest daily newspaper discoveries is that in future all our petrol is to be of some distinctive colour or other, in order that we may be able to see at a glance whether we are getting the grade we are paying for, or whether the wicked garage-keeper is trying to swindle us. As a matter of fact, the idea is not at all a new one. Before the war, a concern known as

the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, which owned certain wells in Galicia, used a solution of cochineal for colouring its petrol. So far as I know, no ill effects resulted from its use, though it might quite possibly be different if aniline or mineral colouring matters were used. Even the concern I have mentioned was not the pioneer of coloured motor spirit. Before 1909, the Austrian Government used a pink colouring matter—probably cochineal—to differentiate between free and taxed petrol. In those days, spirit used commercially was free of duty, while that

the greater percentage of traders are perfectly honest in their representation of what the tank contains, there is a sufficiency of unprincipled dealers to make some safeguard desirable. If that safeguard is to be found in coloured petrol, by all means let it be adopted.

Special Cars in Competitions.

There has been quite a lot of discussion lately on the subject of "special" cars in hill-climbs and competitions, mostly apropos the sensational performances of a certain air-cooled cycle-car. The question of freak cars in competitions has always been a vexed one, and one for which it is difficult to find a satisfactory solution. If it were thoroughly and generally understood that certain cars which achieve marvellous speeds on the track or up well-known hills were radical departures from their maker's standard practice, all would be well, and nobody could object to their being driven purely as a matter of sport. The trouble, however, is that a very large section of the public is allowed, by implication at least, to rest in the belief that some of the startling performances are actually made by cars which are standard productions. Cars are purchased on the faith of freak performances, and much disappointment naturally results. Of course, the purchaser has himself to blame, because it ought to be perfectly obvious to him that no standard car is or can be capable of doing what these freaks habitually achieve.

It has been suggested that the clubs promoting sporting events should confine their entries to absolutely standard vehicles. This I do not hold to be a practical solution, because of the tremendous difficulty that must arise in defining the precise meaning of "standard." Strictly and literally, it means a car exactly as it is delivered by maker to purchaser; and if we are going to restrict all sporting events to such cars, we shall not be able to take entries at all, for the reason that nobody who takes part in sporting events runs his car as he received it from the makers. He adds a "gadget" here, and takes away something there, until, although the essentials remain unaltered, the car is not strictly "standard."

W. W.



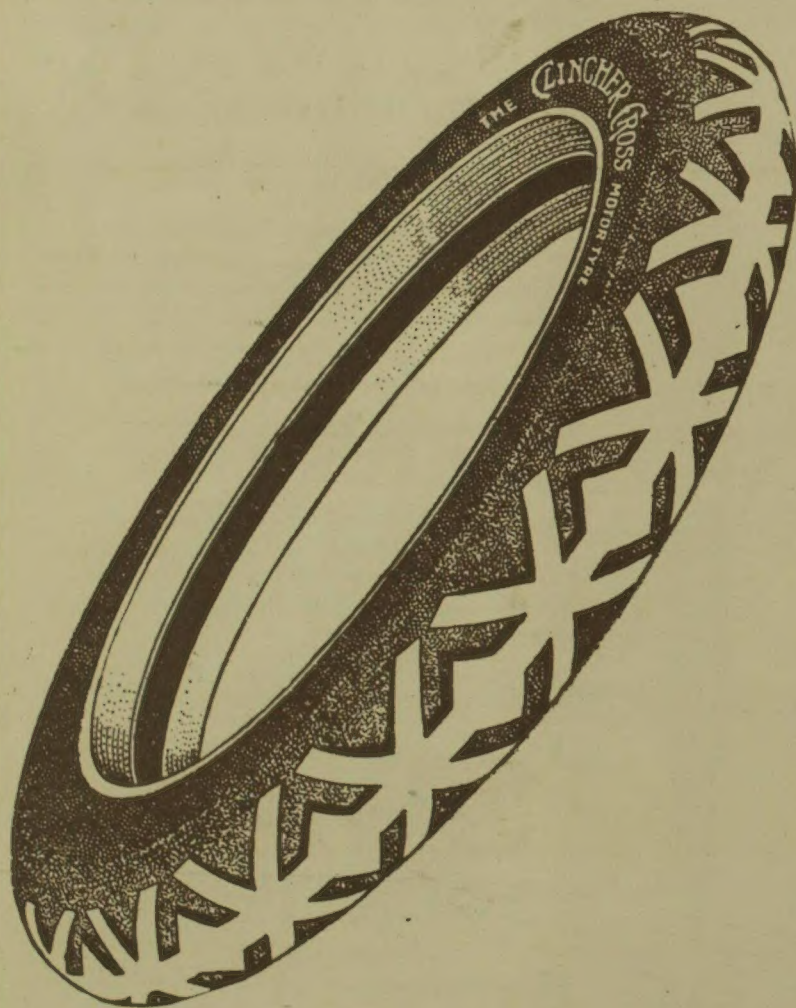
ECONOMY IN LAWN-MOWING: A DEMONSTRATION OF THE ATCO MOTOR MOWER IN REGENT'S PARK.

The subject of our illustration is a new and extremely simple motor lawn-mower, the production of Messrs. C. H. Pugh, Ltd., the Birmingham firm of motor engineers, and manufacturers of the famous "Senspray" Carburetter. The idea of applying motor power to a lawn-mower is not new, but certainly the "Atco" Motor presents many new features, and at a price that brings it within the reach of anyone possessing an area of lawn no larger than a couple of tennis courts. Its design embodies twelve patents. Within an hour or so it does work that would take two men and a horse a day or two, and is very easy to operate.

used in private cars was subject to tax; so, as the easiest way out, the Government decreed the use of the pink dye.

As an abstract idea, there is something to commend itself about the use of dyes, particularly in view of the growth of the bulk-storage system. The motorist is very much in the hands of the petrol seller when he obtains his supplies from the kerb-side pump installation, and though I should say that by far

literally, it means a car exactly as it is delivered by maker to purchaser; and if we are going to restrict all sporting events to such cars, we shall not be able to take entries at all, for the reason that nobody who takes part in sporting events runs his car as he received it from the makers. He adds a "gadget" here, and takes away something there, until, although the essentials remain unaltered, the car is not strictly "standard."



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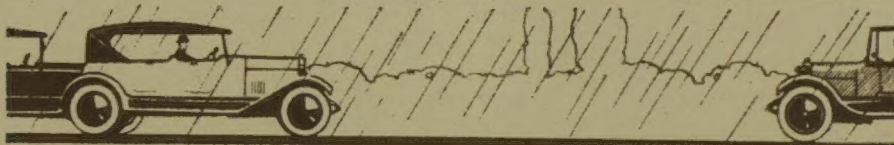
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—MEAN RUSTED SPRINGS—

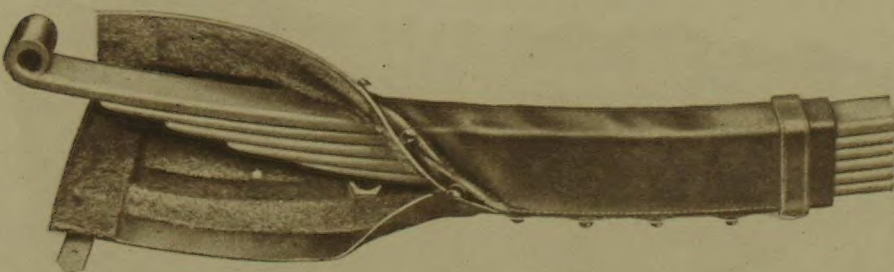
—and rusted Springs mean rough, uncomfortable riding and difficult driving. You can prevent Leaf Spring congestion and ensure smooth and easy running by fitting the Springs with

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Can be used on Woollen and Knitted Garments.

Supplied by all Drapers and Outfitters at a few days' notice.

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What to Take for Disordered Stomach

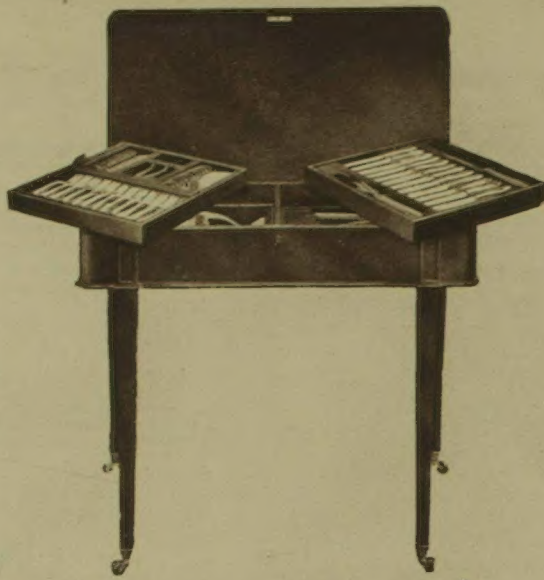


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THE HORSE AS COMRADE AND FRIEND.

THE general reader who happens on "The Horse, as Comrade and Friend" (Hutchinson), by Mr. Everard R. Calthrop, will make a great mistake if he puts it back on the shelf with the idea that it is a book for the specialist. It is that, but it is much more. Mr. Calthrop explains in it, with the fullest detail, his method of handling and training young horses. The love of them, and success in breaking them in, has been, he tells us, the possession of his family for some hundreds of years, warranting him in the belief that his own powers are hereditary. Lord Lonsdale, in a prefatory page or two, endorses his views on breaking, and the late Mr. Walter Winans is quoted as having advised horse-owners not only to read the work, but also to give it to their stablemen to read. Beside such expert opinion, the layman's has no importance, and it is only by the way that we record our impression of the extreme common-sense underlying the author's system. Briefly, "festina lente," which Mr. Calthrop adopts as a motto for his title-page, sums it up. "Patience" must be the watchword. Recollect how highly sensitive and nervous an animal it is with which you are dealing. Be assured of his long memory, and make good use of it. In all your movements—in the pasture, the strawyard, the stable, on the common and on the road—avoid haste and fuss, and strive to make them natural. "Tie up all dogs" is advice which the author prints in italics, and repeats in every chapter until the earlier educational stages are past. Do not forget the value of some oats always in the pocket, and pay no attention to the traditional objection to flattering with a few



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sugar-lumps. In a word, study the horse as you would the young human being, win his confidence, and thus enjoy the affection of which the horse is quick and lavish. By following this system of slow and gradual training, of which these are a few indications, any man or woman without expert knowledge, Mr. Calthrop claims, can break in a horse for his or her own use, or for sale. It is certain that any reader following the account of it in these pages will remarkably increase his knowledge and admiration for that "noble quadruped." The author's enthusiasm is infectious, and when he comes to write of individual horses at Goldings, affection heightens the spell of his pen. The text of this really delightful work is excellently illustrated from photographs.

In Messrs. Harrods' advertisement of Stainless Steel Sheffield Cutlery that appeared in our issue of April 30, the Electro-Plate Spoons and Forks were quoted as "their famous A1 Quality" Electro-Plate, instead of "A" Quality Electro-Plate.

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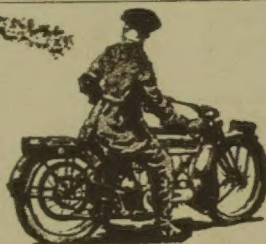
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